

# ARTIST GIBSON'S "TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL" IN REAL LIFE.

Miss Le Moine,  
The Favorite  
Model of a  
Popular  
Artist.

Now Mr. Gibson Has  
Posed and Idealized  
Her in Many of  
His Pictures.

The original American girl is found at last, and I have found her! Not the Pocomantas on a penny, nor the girl with the poke bonnet who came ashore first from the Mayflower, but the American girl of whom Charles Dana Gibson drew a likeness which his public liked so well that he has drawn it a hundred times since then, and which other artists liked so well that they have attempted a thousand variations on the original theme of his very charming composition.

For she is a living creature, the original of this picture, which has been so generally accepted as a characteristic type of a clever, well-bred, alert, healthy, young American beauty. I have seen her in the flesh—a "meat" girl, as my little brother used to say of a living horse as distinguished from a wooden hobby. And this living, breathing Gibson girl is a lady's maid! She was Gibson's model; she posed for him morning after morning in the studio at the top of the tall building in Thirty-first street. Her picture has been lying on every drawing room table in New York from the north side of Washington square to the east side of Central Park. She has made her way, by the photo-engraving process, into the very best society in New York in this indirect way, and yet she is a lady's maid. Of course, she isn't an ordinary lady's maid, nor a maid for ordinary reasons. She waits on Lolo Fuller, and takes care of Lolo Fuller's dresses, which is no more prosaic or menial occupation than to be manicure by special appointment to a rainbow or hair-dresser to a comet.

And it is true, just as I tell it to you—every word of it. And this is how I know it: One day last week I went to see Lolo Fuller, and on the trim shoulders of the dainty little maid who opened Miss Fuller's door for me was gracefully poised the one and only American girl's head. I was startled. I am often compelled in the exercise of my calling to be greatly startled at much less startling things than this, for, after all, the head is distinctly a Fifth Avenue head, and I had naturally expected a head of Tenth Avenue. When I saw Miss Fuller (who is a mere incident in this narrative, and about whose irradiations and emanations I am not going to write one word), I said:

"Why, if you please, does the Gibson girl open your door, and have you got Homer Davenport's Mr. Platt for a coachman?"

"Princess, come here!" cried Miss Fuller, by way of answering my question; and the little maid with the majestic pet name came smiling into the room, a feather duster in hand—smiling with the gracious smile which the girl in the Gibson pictures wears as she looks over her shoulder at the man with the pointed beard and the tired face, who is putting her opera cloak over her satin shoulders.

"Tell us all about yourself, Princess," said Miss Fuller. And then the little maid's face assumed an expression of conscious dignity, and the Gibson chin was drawn in toward the round Gibson throat with a childish pride which made it easy to understand how Miss Fuller had chosen "Princess" for a nickname. She had, too, a little air of knowing that she was pretty, and taking it as a matter of course—an air which, I fancy, only actresses and models acquire. It was no affectation on her part to kneel playfully—one could see she was tremendously petted—at the side of the low tea table and spread her elbows on the shining wood, with the seriousness of a child trying to make a good impression.

"Go ahead, Princess," said Miss Fuller. "Who and what are you?"

"My name is Rose Le Moine," said the obedient young person. "My father was a Frenchman and my mother was a Cuban. I was born near Puerto Principe, about 150 miles from Havana. I can remember vaguely the big fields of sugar cane, my colored nurse with the colored handkerchief on her head, and the huge silver wedding ring. My mother died when I was a baby, and I was very little when my father brought me to Philadelphia. Then he died, too, and I was left in the care of some Quaker people way up near Tonnawanda. They were very nice to me, but they were poor themselves and I had no money and was working for my board and clothes. I didn't mind the skim milk, but the Holland dresses were awful." Rose looked down at the bows of bright ribbon on her little silk apron and rubbed her cheek against Miss Fuller's shoulder. "I was very lonely and I hated not knowing anything, and they used to make their butter with a hand-cream, and when I was fourteen, just four years ago the week before last, I ran away to Philadelphia."

"But how did you get there without money?" asked Miss Fuller. I could see that she knew every item of the child's quaint story by heart, and was prompting her lest I should lose one of the points.

"Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you about that," said the Princess. "There had been a lady boarding with us in the Summer-time. I had sat up with her nights when she was ill, and she gave me \$10 when she went back to the city. Anyhow, I had a ten-cent piece and two pennies when I got to Philadelphia, and I was going to look for this lady and ask her if she wouldn't engage me to wait on her and rub her shoulders the way I had done in the Summer. And then, when I got there, the house was closed and the lady was out of town. I didn't know what to do or which way to go and I began to cry, and



An Accurate Photograph of the Model.

then a woman who lived next door called out to me and asked me what was the matter. I told her my story, and she took pity on me and let me spend the night with her. In the morning she found a temporary place for me, helping the two nurses in a private hospital, and after I had been there for a while I got a situation with a private family to do general housework. After a while I saved up a little money and went to New York. I had an idea I could do better there and had a dreadful time finding work. It was awful hot, the very middle of August, and I went from one store to another, and everywhere I went I was told I had come in the slack season when they were turning away girls instead of taking on more.

"Finally I went to an agency and, just about the time my money was all gone, I got a position as housemaid with a very nice family. I got along pretty well there, but I was not altogether contented and the other servants made fun of me because they thought I was stuck up. I don't think it was on account of anything I said or did. I guess it was only because I used to shut myself up in my bedroom and read when my work was done; and then, I suppose, I did not look just like the others."

"I should say not," said Miss Fuller. "Well, anyway," continued the little maid, "one night the family I was working with gave a party and there were half a dozen artists there. Mr. Harper Pennington was there, I remember, and George De Forest Brush and Theodore Wores and some others I can't remember, and I heard them talking among themselves and saying that I would make a good model. I thought they meant I was a model waitress, because I was trying to be so quick that night. I didn't know in those days that there was such a thing as an artist's model."

"Well, after awhile, one day the lady I was working for told me that she had a letter from a gentleman named Gibson, an artist, who wanted to know if she would let me pose for him for a couple of hours some afternoon. It seems that he had been walking down the street one afternoon when I had gone out to do an errand, and one of the artists who had been at the party was walking with him; and then Mr. Gibson noticed me and this other man told him who I was and where I worked. That was the way it all began. And then, for a long time after that, I didn't do anything but pose for Mr. Gibson. He has done I don't know how many pictures of me, but the one I like best is the one in that big picture of the Horse Show that was published in Life. I was the girl sitting in front with the little bit of a bonnet on her head."

"I knew it!" I cried. "I knew you were the Gibson girl the moment I saw you!"

"Tell us all about it," demanded Miss Fuller.

"Oh, I can't remember the names of all the different pictures, but one of them that everybody liked was 'Love Will Die.' He was awful nice to work for—Mr. Gibson—just as kind and considerate as he could be. 'I used to go to the theatre as often as I could, and after awhile I began to think that if I could get on the stage, even in the smallest sort of a way, I would like it better than posing. And anyhow, I knew that if I went on working as a model I should probably have to pose for the nude, sooner or later, and I couldn't quite make up my mind to that. After I had thought about it a lot, I told Mr. Gibson one day I thought I would do it after all; and then, just as I was getting ready he said: 'Never mind, Rose; I've changed my mind; I will do something else.'"

"Good for Gibson!" exclaimed Miss Fuller, "that is the nicest story I have ever heard about him." A 629

"No one knows how nice he is who hasn't worked for him," continued the little maid. "But, anyhow, I got a position as chorus girl at the Olympia after a while, and then Sarah Bernhardt's company came to New York and I got in as one of the extras in her cast. I loved this—and the Princess clasped her hands enthusiastically—"I never got tired of hearing her voice and watching her gestures, and, although I could hardly speak any French at all when the engagement began, before



As a Society Girl.

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she left town I could make out nearly every word she said.

"You picked up some of her ways, too," said Miss Fuller; "you have got a knack of moving your hands with the same loose turn of the wrist that everybody notices in Bernhardt."

"But how," said I, "could anybody who made even the humblest start on the stage be willing to give it up and become a maid—even your maid, Miss Fuller?"

"Tell us, Princess," said Miss Fuller, "why did you come here to be starved and beaten and abused?"

"Well," said the Princess, dwelling on the lingual consonant in her pretty little way, "you see, Miss Bernhardt's engagement was a short one, and when she went away I thought I would like to be in a comfortable home for awhile, and then—this with a sudden burst of confidence—I did love to connect myself with anything theatrical. So, when Mr. Marshall P. Wilder, whom I have known for a very

long time and who has been very good to me, told me that you wanted a maid, I thought I would be very lucky if I could get the situation, and I guess I was." The Princess looked apologetically at Miss Fuller and sniffed affectionately at that lady's plump white hand.

"When I saw you," she continued, "of course I wanted to stay with you."

"Isn't it all lovely?" said Miss Fuller. "Run away now, Princess, dear."

"I don't know what I am going to do with her," said La Lolo, when the little Princess had closed the door behind her. "She is really not fitted for service, and I just play with her all the time. But she is going to be an actress sooner or later, and I hope I shall be able to help her make a start in good company."

And when I had talked to Miss Fuller about other matters for a time and taken my leave, I wondered, as I hurried home, whether I should ever see the Gibson girl on the stage.

MAID MARIAN.



As a "Leading Lady."



As a School Girl.



In Love.



As a Summer Girl.

## DABBLING IN ART.

The Latest Society Fad with Some Women Now Is to Hire a Studio and Pose as a Real Live Artist.

At present the special fad of many society women is to figure as artists. The majority of them can paint just as they can play the piano, and in trying to turn a mere accomplishment into a profession they make themselves ridiculous to even their best friends. If they were satisfied to stay at home and dabble with their canvases no fault could be found with them, but that would not do at all, as it savors too much of the old time before woman was emancipated. It suits them much better to hire a room in one of the studio buildings. There they can pose as real, live artists, and be in what they term the "atmosphere."